

Hope Star
 Star of Hope, 1885; Press 1897.
 • 14 Columns
 • Two Serial Stories
 • 20,000-Word Wire Report.
 Published every weekday afternoon by
 The Star Publishing Co., Inc.
 (C. D. Palmer and Alex. H. Washburn)
 212-214 South Walnut Street, Hope, Ark.
 ALEX. H. WASHBURN, President
 C. D. PALMER, Editor and Publisher
 Interested as second class matter at the Post Office at Hope, Arkansas,
 under the Act of March 3, 1879.
 (By—Means Associated Press
 (NEA)—Means Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.
 Subscription Rate (Always Payable in Advance): By city carrier
 per week, 15c; Hempstead, Nevada, Howard, Miller and Lafayette
 Counties, \$2.50 per year; elsewhere, \$3.00.
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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



12-18

Every Day in Hope Star
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Hold Everything



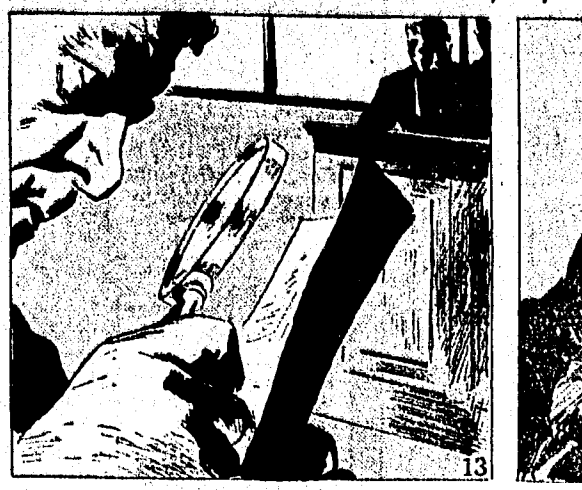
12-18

The Black-eyed Blonde



Diane Regis looked at Mason with anxious solicitude. When the prosecution began to introduce into evidence the photographs taken at the murder scene, Mason went into action. He carefully retained, however, from revealing how important he considered the water tank to be. The lawyer looked closely at the first photograph, then asked Tragg: "Had anything been touched?" "What do you mean? The body hadn't been touched." "Had anything else been touched?" "No objection," As he returned to his seat, Diane Regis looked at him with anxious solicitude. Mason avoided her eyes. The police lieutenant went on with his testimony to tell how Diane Regis had claimed she found Mildred Danville already dead. But when Mason began his cross-examina-

Liou, Trogg studied the picture.



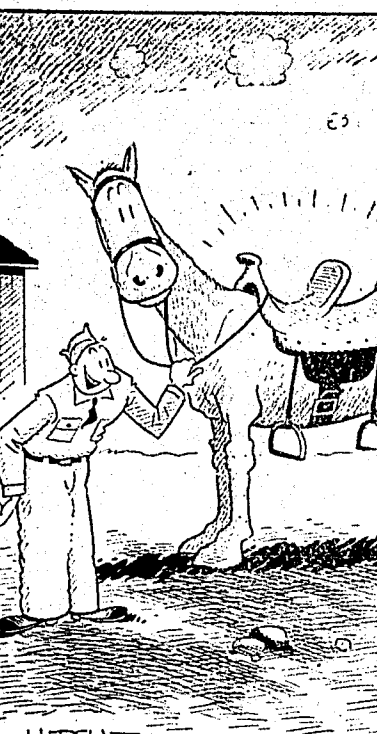
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BY ERIC STANLEY GARDNER
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN GROUT



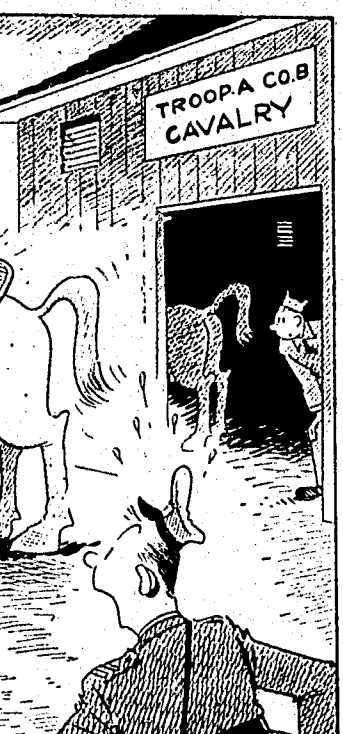
Mrs. Bartles said, "Mildred had kidnapped my son!" counsel table with no outward indication of the crushing blow that had been dealt his case. "Call Helen Chister Bartles," Drumm said. The woman came forward, held up a gloved hand, was sworn and took the witness stand. She testified that she had known Mildred Danville for four years. She had not seen her, she said, on the night of the murder. The next morning she had seen her body. Drumm asked if previously she had spoken to Mildred on the telephone. Mrs. Bartles said she had. "Had there been some unusual occasion incident to this conversation?" Mrs. Bartles tilted her chin. "Mildred Danville," she said in a low clear voice, "had kidnapped my son. I was trying to get him back..." (Continued tomorrow)

FUNNY BUSINESS By Hershberger



12-18

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



12-18

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople



12-18

Donald Duck



12-18

The Direct Approach!



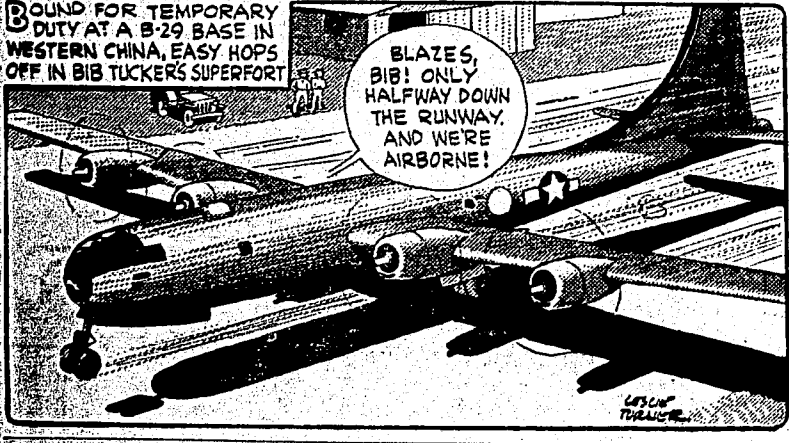
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By Walt Disney



12-18

Wash Tubbs



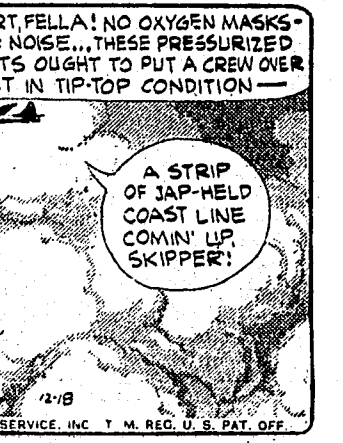
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Battleship of the Sky



12-18

By Leslie Turner



12-18

Red Ryder



12-18

Lost Chance



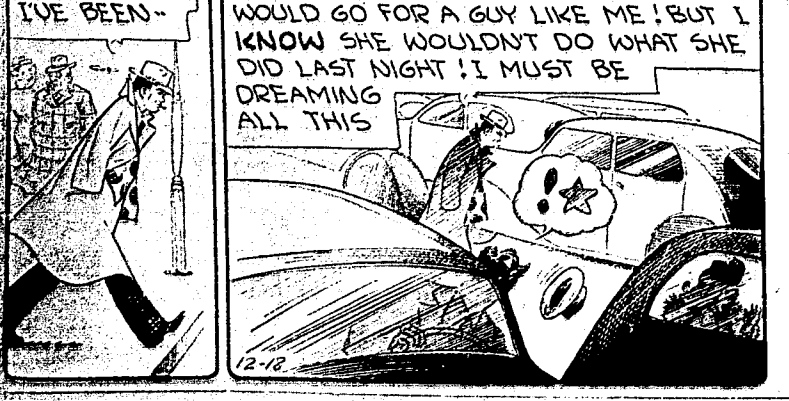
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By Fred Harman



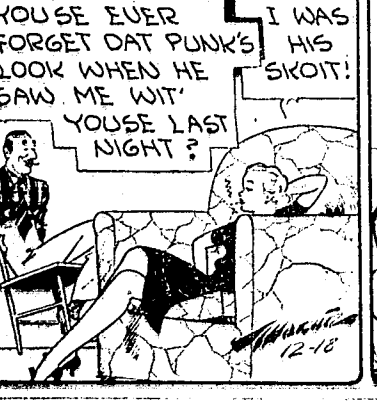
12-18

Boots and Her Buddies



12-18

Getting Serious



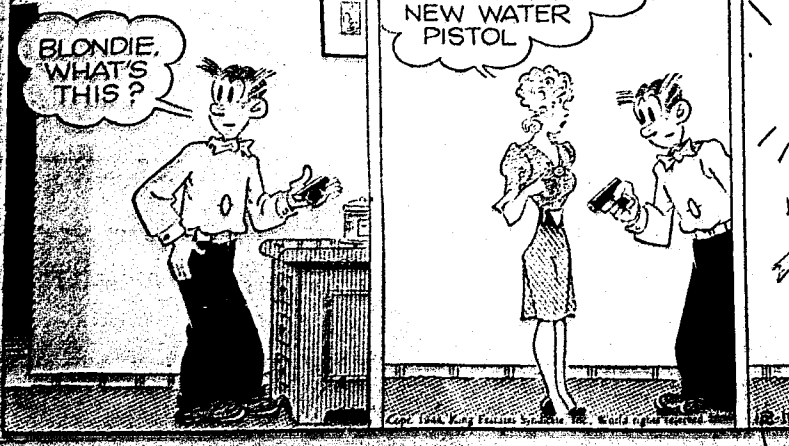
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By Edgar Martin



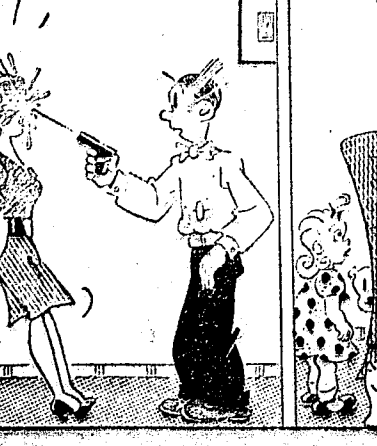
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Blondie



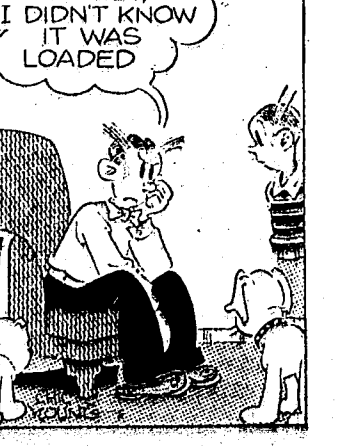
12-18

Dogwood Passes the Ammunition!



12-18

By Chic Young



12-18

Alley Oop



12-18

Disturbing Assurance



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By V. T. Hamlin



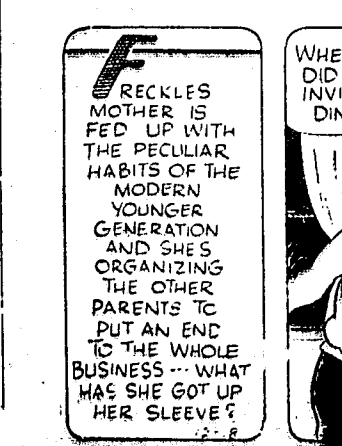
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Thimble Theater



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Freckles and His Friends



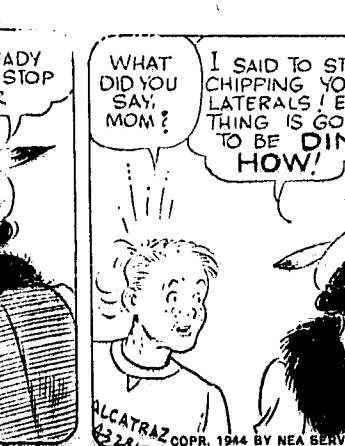
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Translate That



12-18

By Merrill Blosser



12-18

Alcatraz



12-18

Flight From Liuchow in Path of Jap Advance Recalls Peasant Greeting, 'We Eat Bitterness'



EVACUATION EXPRESS—As Jap troops converged on Liuchow from the north, south and east, the long-suffering Chinese civilian population prepared to flee. For weary thousands, no transportation could be provided. A lucky few, shown in these remarkable photographs taken by NEA-Acme cameraman Frank Cancellare for the War Picture Pool, crammed every inch of space on a freight train loaded with close to the smokestack. From locomotive to caboose, wherever their fingers could hang on, refugees clung to the train.



SORROW—For the most part the stoic Chinese suffered silently. This heartbroken, slobbering mother could no longer restrain the flow of her bitter tears.



MAKE-SHIFT PULLMAN—From the rods to the roof, this freight car is packed with people and possessions. Here, from blankets to primitive farm implements, are all the essentials for starting life anew. Somewhere, sometime, these peasants must find a place that's safe from the Japs, where they can till the soil in peace once more. Note the little boy who rides the rods in comfort.



BOY AND BURDEN—Bowing under the yoke of his heavy burden, a foot-sore and weary father balances the weight of his son with a box containing all his worldly goods. For him there is no room on the train leaving Liuchow ahead of the Japanese advance, so he plods alongside the rails, with other thousands who race as swiftly as they can to escape the Japs. This unusual photograph by Frank Cancellare shows how lack of food has ravished the bodies, and lack of sleep has wrinkled the faces of the Chinese refugees. Along every highway leaving Liuchow, on every train chugging out of the city, evacuees pushed on in pitiful streams. "Women ch'ih k'oo" (We eat bitterness) is the peasant's customary greeting. Here that legend is personified.



PRECARIOUS PERCH—Only blankets and straw separate these hardy cowcatcher riders from the hissing steam of the locomotive. They disregard danger.



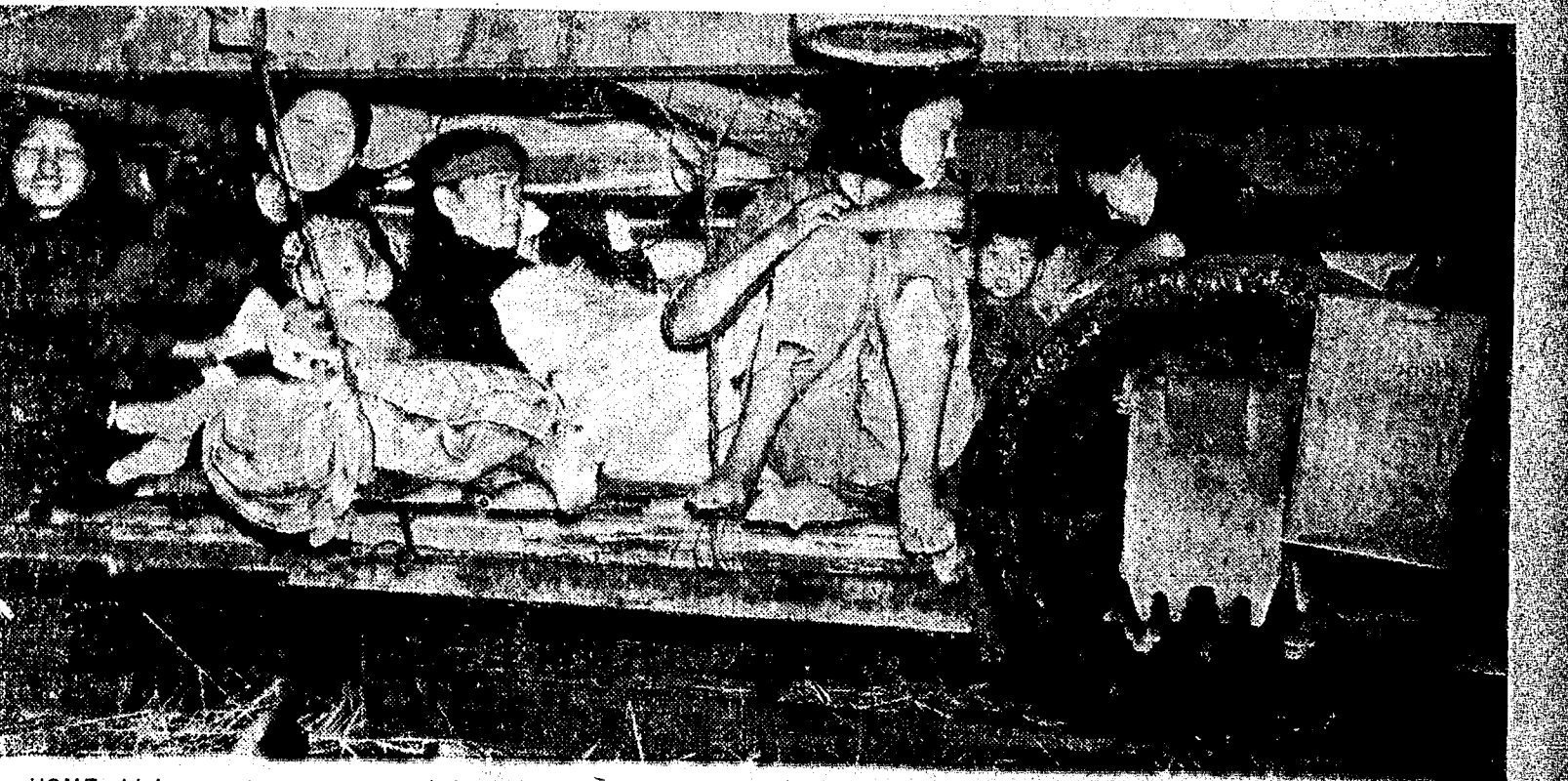
SALUTE—He's hungry, but this little tyke manages to say "Thumbs Up" with a grin that typifies indomitable spirit.



SCOOP—Children rush to scoop out hot coals from underneath the locomotive as the train stops for a few minutes. Embers will be used for heating purposes by the chilled, hungry refugees, who huddle together for protection against chill winds.



JOURNEY'S END—For this youngster, injured when he fell off the overcrowded train, flight from Liuchow is ended. His mother weeps bitterly, oblivious of the sympathetic refugees crowded around her. Many are killed in falls from moving trains.



HOME—Living quarters are cramped, but this Chinese family has managed to make the rods of a freight car livable. Wherever he turned, Frank Cancellare, NEA-Acme photographer for the War Picture Pool, could train his camera on scenes like this one.

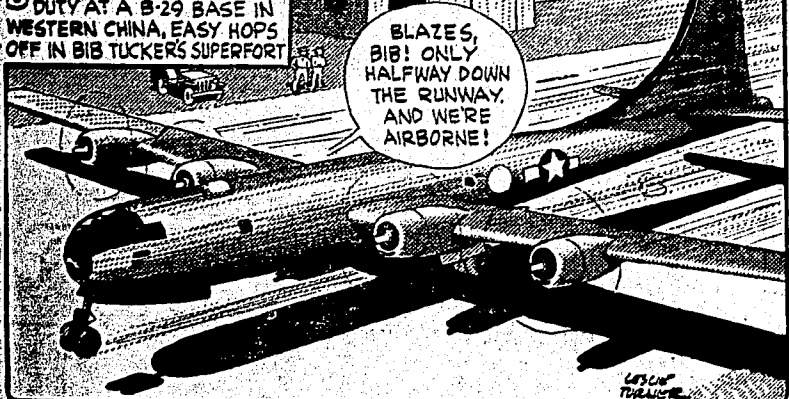
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"I'm going to knock you cold with what I say when my
 silver enters the room, for contrary to all good writers,
 I'm not going to ask for a quarter or say anything to
 embarrass either of you!"

Wash Tubbs



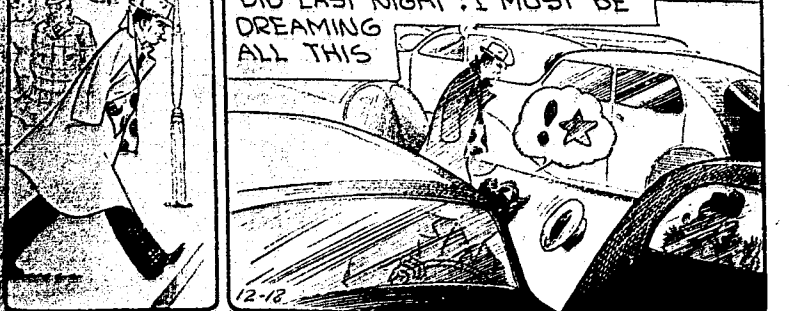
"SECURING HIS OWN RED RESERVATIONS TO A TINY POOL
 WHERE HE'LL BE TEMPORARY
 'TIL HE GETS HIS SHARE!"

Red Ryder



"HAW, HAW! WILL YOU BE EVER
 FORGET CAT FUNK? I WAS
 LOOK WHEN HE SAW ME WIT'
 'YOU'RE LAST NIGHT?"

Boots and Her Buddies



"WANT A SAP I'VE BEEN—
 TO THINK THAT A GIRL LIKE BOOTS
 WOULD GO FOR A GUY LIKE ME, BUT I
 KNOW SHE WOULDN'T DO WHAT SHE
 DID LAST NIGHT I MUST BE
 DREAMING ALL THIS

Blondie



"BLONDIE, WHAT'S THIS?
 IT'S ALEXANDER'S NEW WATER
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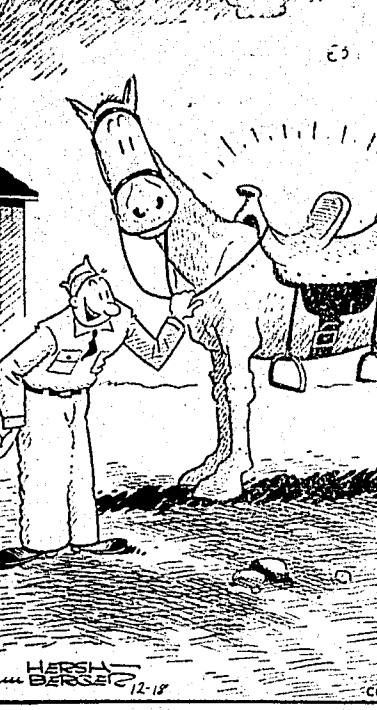
Hold Everything



"That mistletoe sure has cut
 down abstinence!"

FUNNY BUSINESS

By Hershberger



"So I can take the girl friend along on parades!"

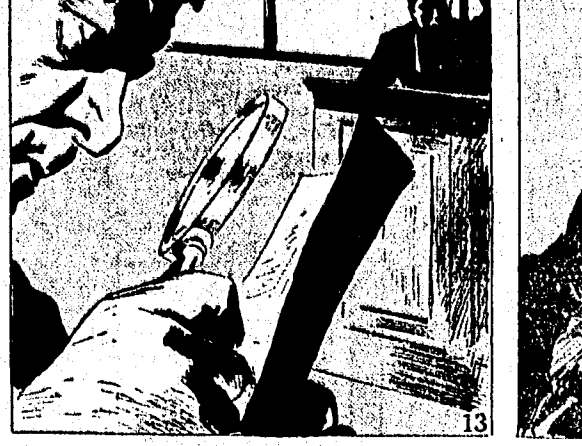
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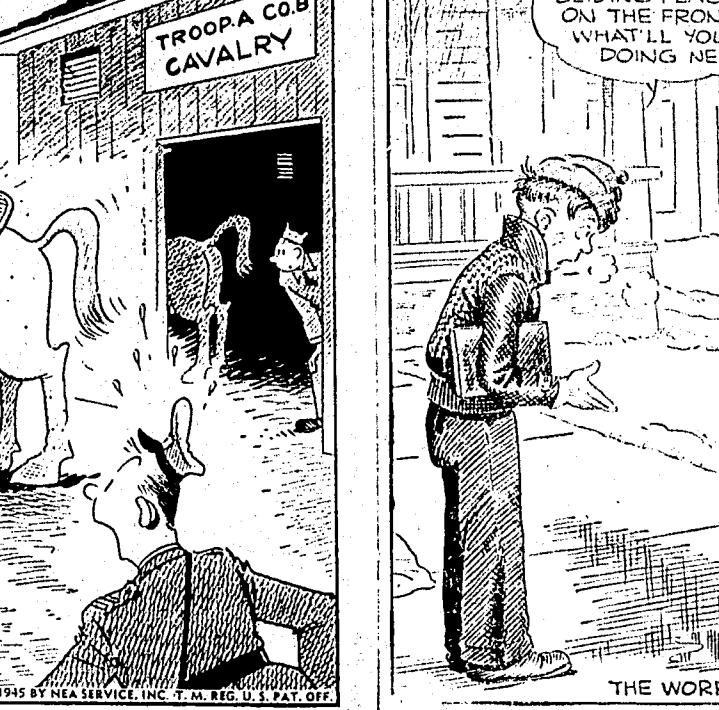
By J. R. Williams



MY NAME IS PIKE, THE
 RADIO COMEDIAN. I
 SUPPOSE YOU'RE JAKE,
 THE MAJOR'S BROTHER.
 YOU LOOK SOMETHING
 LIKE HIM, BUT DON'T
 MIND THAT SO LONG AS
 YOU'RE HEALTHY.
 KNUK-KYUK!
 HULLO! YEAH, I'M JAKE!
 BIG CHIEF CROCKERY MOUTH?
 WITH THAT GET OF
 DE LUXE TUBS, YOU GOT
 THERE, I BET YOU BUSTA
 LOT OF SAUCERS
 DRINKING COFFEE!
 CHEERIO,
 MR. PIKE.

Donald Duck

By Walt Disney



"WHY YES, BOYS,
 I GUESS I'S ABOUT
 TWICE AS MUCH AS
 SANTA CLAUS! WHAT
 YOU WANT!"

Popeye

By Walt Disney



"AS LONG AS WE KEEP
 TIP OVER."

Thimble Theater

By V. T. Hamlin



"NOT EVERYBODY-NOT
 THE LITTLEST MAN ON
 THE CREW—COME NOW!
 MY HUSKIES—UP THAT
 BEAT

Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin



"CONFIDENT THAT KING THE END OF
 DINNER THIS IS
 MEANS GOT HIS HANDS
 ON THE BENCH BY ME
 HAD BROUGHT TO HOOD
 ON A DIPLOMATIC
 MISSION, ALLEY OOP
 LOST NO TIME TRAVEL
 VISIT TO THE ISLAND
 OF THE NEIGHBORING
 KINGDOM."

Disturbing Assurance

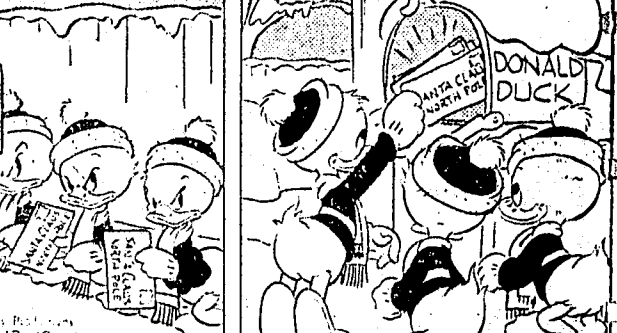
By V. T. Hamlin



"WELL, WELL! LOOKS
 LIKE HIS MISS WAS
 BRICKING ME!"

Freddie and His Friends

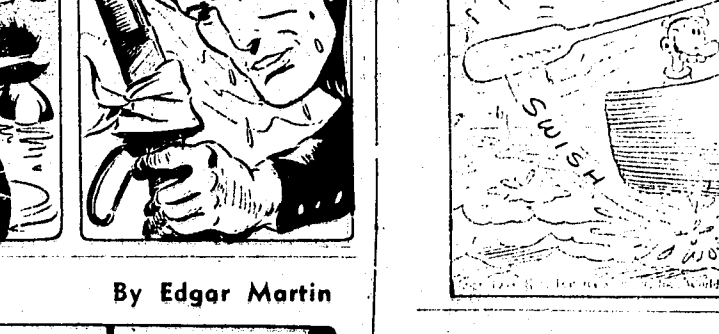
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"GO WAY! I'VE BEEN
 HIS NOT REB'D BE
 DIED TO REST!"

Alley Oop

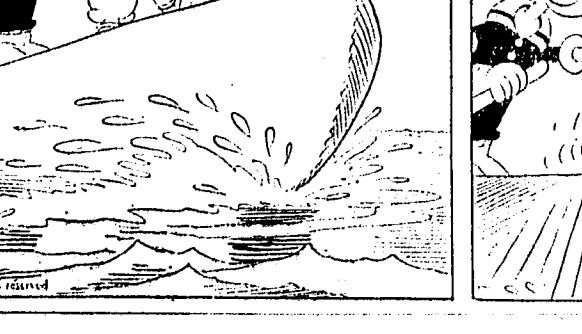
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"JUST LET ME
 AT HIM FOR A
 MINUTE, AND I
 WON'T NOTHIN DIS-
 TERS IN
 EVER!"

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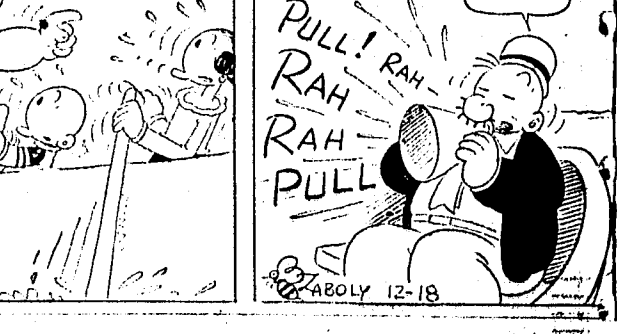
By V. T. Hamlin



"I SAID TO STOP
 DRIVING A FOUR
 LATERALS! EVERY-
 THING IS GOING
 TO BE DING-
 HOW!"

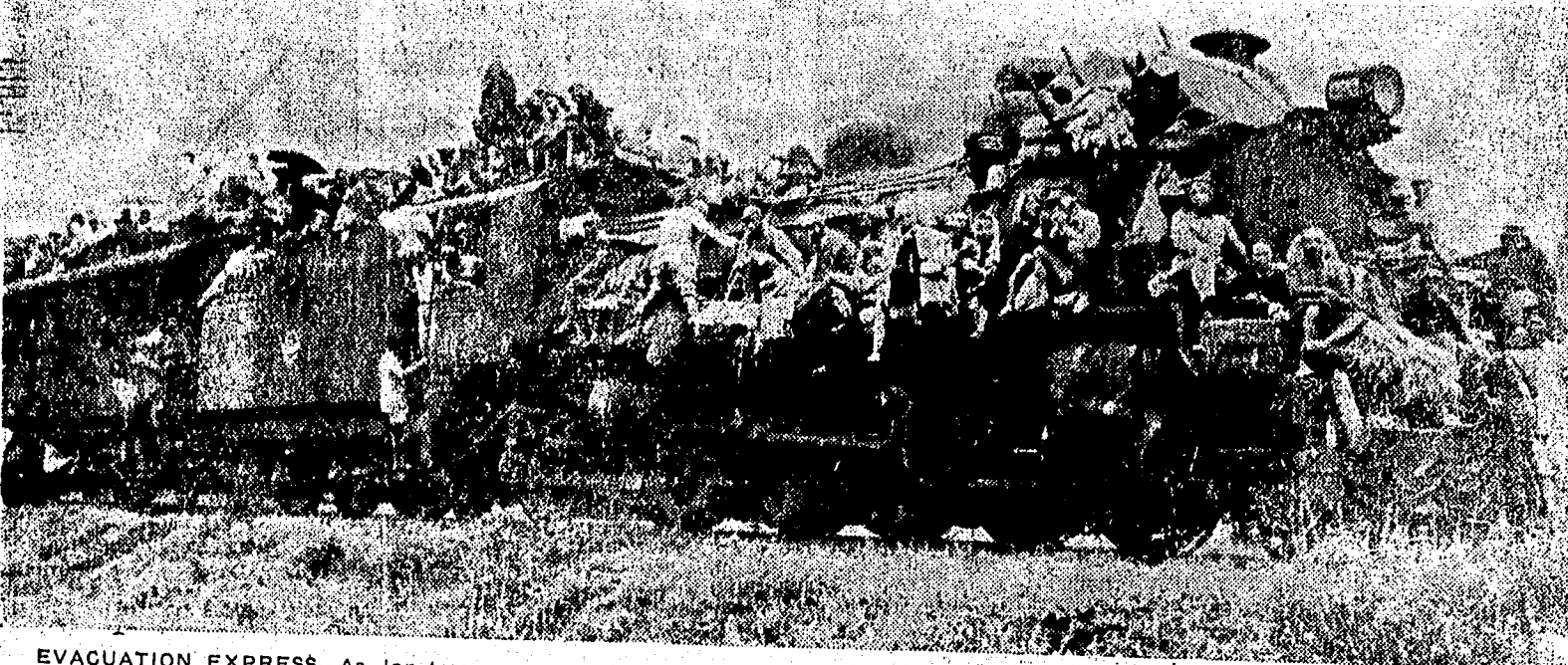
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"WHILE I'M PUTTING THE GIZMO IN
 THE WHAT-YOU CALL PUT SOOT
 FEVER UNDER THE WITCHES BREW!"

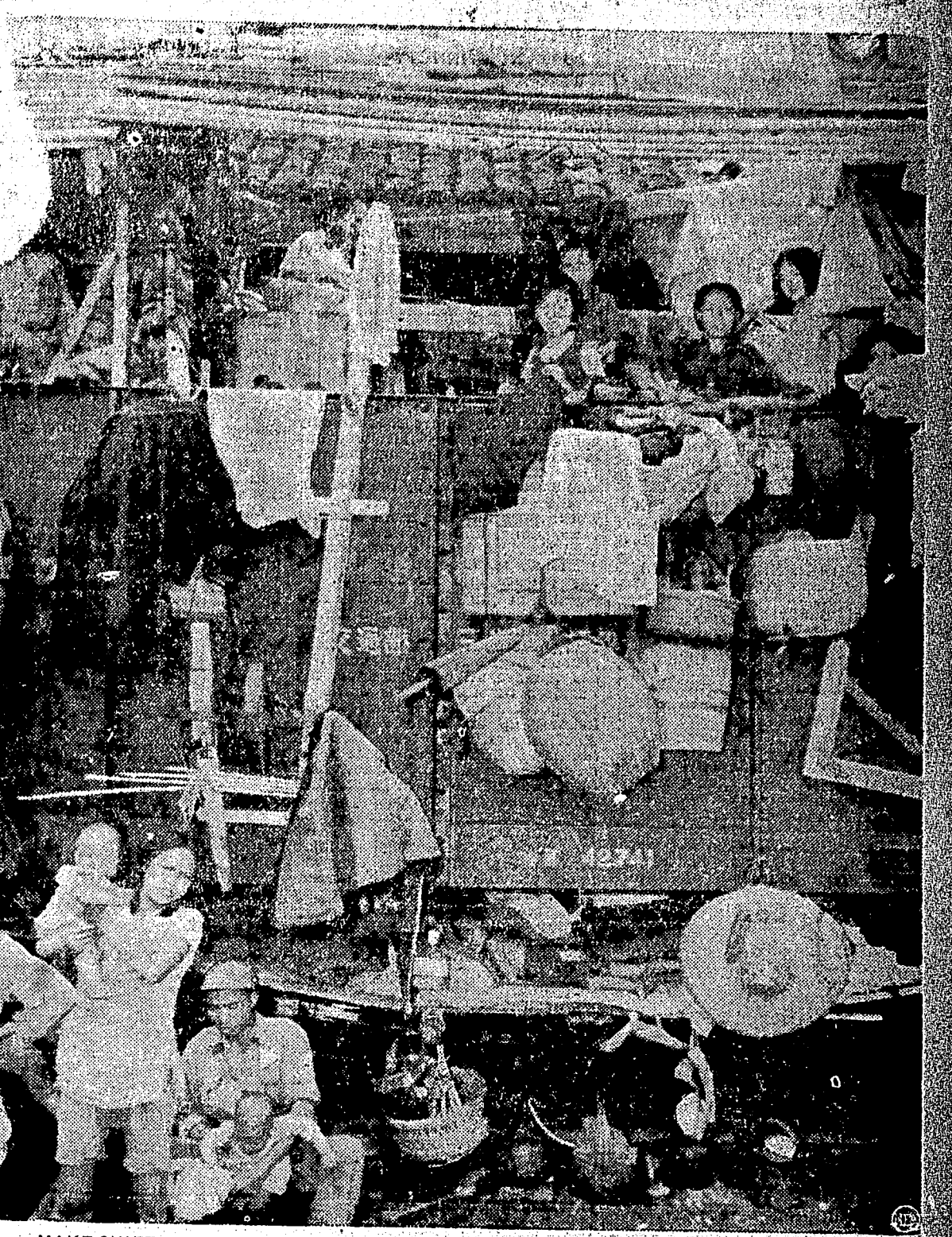
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 taken by NEA-Acme cameraman Frank Cancellare for the War Picture Pool, crammed every inch of space on a freight train loaded with
 human cargo. They clung to their babies, to a few scraps of food, to such pathetic luxuries as the parasol shading the youngster huddled
 close to the smokestack. From locomotive to caboose, wherever their fingers could hang on, refugees clung to the train.



SORROW—For the most part
 the stoic Chinese suffered sil-
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MAKE-SHIFT PULLMAN—From the rods to the roof, this freight car is packed with people and
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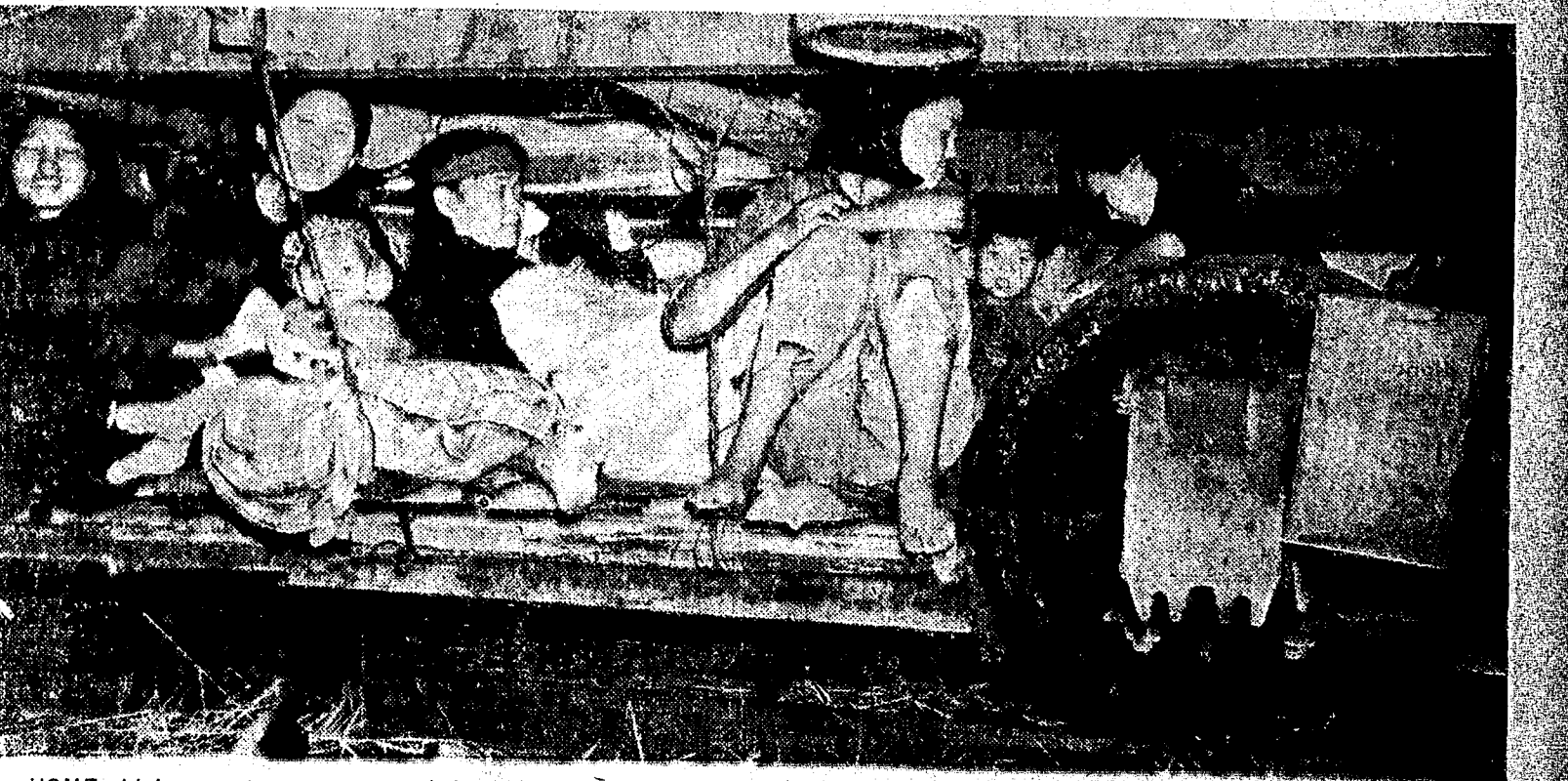
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